

The Oriental Watchman.

Watchman, blow the trumpet; warn the people. Eze 33:2.

O earth! earth! earth! hear the word of the Lord. Jer. 22:29.

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MY LORD AND I.

SUNG in the rocks and caves of France during the fierce persecution of the Huguenots, three hundred years ago.

I have a Friend so precious,
So very dear to me,
He loves me with such tender love,
He loves so faithfully,
I could not live apart from him,
I love to feel him nigh;
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak;
And as he bids me lean on him,
His help I gladly seek.
He leads me in the paths of light,
Beneath a sunny sky;
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

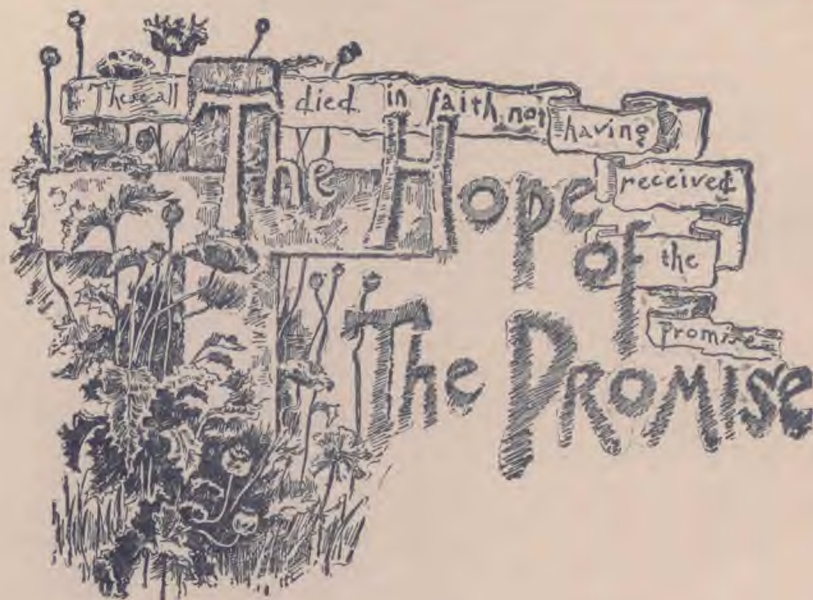
He knows how much I love him,
He knows I love him well;
But with what love he loveth me,
My tongue can never tell;
It is an everlasting love,
In ever-rich supply;
And so we love each other,
My Lord and I.

I tell him all my sorrows,
I tell him all my joys.
I tell him all that pleases me,
I tell him what annoys;
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me what to try;
And so we talk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing,
Some weary soul to win;
And so he bids me go and speak
The loving word for him;
He bids me tell his wondrous love,
And why he came to die;
And so we work together,
My Lord and I.

I have his yoke upon me,
An easy yoke to bear;
In the burden which he carries
I gladly take a share;
For then it is my happiness
To have him always nigh;
We bear the yoke together,
My Lord and I.

—Selected.



THE PROMISES OF GOD.

A SHORT time ago I picked up a book designed to help Christian workers, and found an outline lesson on "The Promises," beginning with this statement: "There are thirty thousand promises in the Bible."

SOME man had evidently been counting, and after patient search had arrived at the round number thirty thousand, and set that down as the sum. That is final; no use in looking for any more; thirty thousand' and no more, sums up all the promises of God to man!

WELL, thirty thousand is a good many; if all would cheerfully accept, and acknowledge, and thank God for thirty thousand promises, they would have enough employment to keep them from complaining for a long time. Very many people are satisfied, after a fashion, with a

very small fraction of that number of promises; one could divide the number given by a thousand, and the result would indicate more promises than they ever claim from the Lord. Because they use so few, they think there are but few.

MEN limit God to their own comprehension of Him. That was the trouble with the man who reckoned up thirty thousand promises; that was as many as he knew, and he assumed that the Lord couldn't have promised anything that he didn't know anything about. Let us see if there is any possibility of enlarging the list. What does the Bible say about it?

All God's Thoughts Are Promises.

BEGIN with Jer. 29: 11: "For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end." This statement was made in connection with a specific promise, and shows us that all the

thoughts of God to us are promises of good. Good! Now let us see something about the number of His thoughts toward us.

Turn to Psalm 40: 5, and read: "Many, O Lord my God, are Thy wonderful works which Thou hast done, and Thy thoughts which are to usward; they cannot be reckoned up in order unto Thee; if I would declare and speak of them, *they are more than can be numbered.*" Then they are more than thirty thousand, for it would not take very long to count that many. But read again: "How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! If I should count them, *they are more in number than the sand.*" Ps. 139: 17, 18. That man who counted thirty thousand promises, can begin again where he left off, and count for very many years to come, yea, throughout eternity, and then he will not have exhausted the list.

One great trouble is, that we do not recognize promises when we see them; just as there are millions of blessings that we never recognize as such, but often call them calamities instead. If we remember that every thought of God to us includes a promise to us, we shall begin to ponder the thoughts of God with more interest. And when we think of this, we shall see that it means that

The Commands of God are Promises.

LET us test this in one representative case, that is all-inclusive. The ten commandments begin thus: "I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." Ex. 20: 2, 3. This commandment includes all the rest. Read now in the eighty-first Psalm, and you will see what God means when He says, "Thou shalt." Read verses 8-10:—

"Hear, O My people, and I will testify unto thee; O Israel, if thou wilt hearken unto Me, there shall no strange god be in thee; neither shalt thou worship any strange god. I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt; open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it."

This is parallel to Isa. 55: 3: "Incline your ear, and come unto Me; hear, and your soul shall live." In the Hebrew there is but one word for "hear" and "obey." To *hear*, is to *obey*. That is because "the word of God is living and active." It is self-fulfilling. Let it find a place in the mind, and it will manifest itself openly. When God says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me," He does not mean that we must make Him our God; far from it. The effort to *make* God our God, can result in nothing else but the worshipping of a false God,—a god no greater nor better than our own feeble comprehension. God knows this, and so His promise is, "I will be their God." So as we read Ps. 81: 8—10 we see that when God said, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me," He

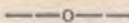
meant simply this: "Listen to Me; meditate upon My words, and I will take upon Myself the responsibility of seeing that there are no strange gods found among you."

An Illustration.

A FATHER says to his son, "John, my boy, is that the best pair of boots you have? You must not wear them any more." The mother looks at the little girl's soiled and worn-out frock, and says, "You shall not wear that any more." What do John and Mary do? Do they begin to worry or to cry, and say, "Father and mother say that we must not and shall not wear these clothes any more; what in the world shall we do? We are too young and weak to earn any others, and shall have to go naked. I think they are very hard in their commands." Do they talk like that?—Not a bit of it. They have no other thought but that their parents have promised them some new clothes, and they at once begin to rejoice. Even so it should be with us, when our Heavenly Father says to us, "Those old clothes of yours are too dirty and ragged (Isa. 64: 6); they are not fit to be seen; you shall not wear them any more." Instead of complaining at the hardness of God's commandments, we should rather greatly rejoice because of His promise to clothe us with the garments of salvation, and cover us with the robe of righteousness. Isa. 61: 10.

Sin by the commandment becomes exceeding sinful. Rom. 7: 13. The commandment of God, in the hands of the Spirit, makes us see how terribly deficient we are; but that is not all; it shows us the deficiency only in order that we may take that which will supply all our need, even that which shows us our lack. For the Spirit convicts of righteousness at the same time that He convicts of sin. John 16: 8. When God tells us that we are sinners, He is simply telling us that He has the righteousness for us that we lack. When we know this, we can with David rejoice in the law of God, because "His commandments are not grievous." John 5: 3.

E. J. WAGGONER.



HADES NOT HELL.

HADES in Greek is the equivalent of *sheol* in Hebrew. This is proved by comparing Ps. 16: 10 with Acts 2: 27. *Sheol* in the Psalms is rendered *Hades* in Acts, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in *Hades*." The authorized version improperly renders it *hell*.

"In torments" does not define any part of *hades*. It is so inferred from its use in a parable in Luke 16. But parables prove no doctrines. Sometimes they are explained by inspiration itself, as in Matt. 13 the parable of the wheat and tares is explained; then the explanation is lawfully used to teach doctrine. The several parables of Luke are not explained, and may not thus be used. In parables, too

inanimate things are ascribed or given the powers of animate creatures. Thus, in Judges 9 the trees are made to talk; and in Luke 16 dead men are made to speak; but in fact neither trees nor dead men ever speak.

That we are correct in this interpretation, and that dead men do not converse, or that there is no animation or knowledge in *hades*, is proved by what is affirmed of *sheol* in the Old Testament. Thus, there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in *sheol* (Eccl. 9: 10); there is no remembrance of God in death, no giving of thanks in *sheol* (Ps. 6: 5); *sheol* cannot praise God, death cannot celebrate Him, Isa. 38: 18.

It is true that *hades* means the place of the dead, good and bad; for all are in the same condition in death. That which is spoken of *sheol* in the texts above, is true of *hades*. In it is no knowledge, nor work, nor device; in it there is no remembrance of God, no giving of thanks or praise. Dr. Young, in his Analytical Concordance, gives the same definition to *sheol* and *hades*—"the unseen state."

Dr. Young very properly distinguishes, under the word *grave*, between the cases where it is translated from *gever* and from *sheol*. *Gever* is a place of burial, or a grave; *sheol*, often translated grave in the Authorized Version, is quite different in signification, and more nearly expresses *condition* than *location*; hence the definition—"unseen state."

And this shows the error of those who divide *hades* into different apartments for two classes, in one of which the inhabitants are in happiness; in the other, in torments. It is an unscriptural theory, impossible as to its supposed facts.

Some affirm that the soul of Christ went to Paradise on the day of His death. But the Scriptures say He went to *sheol*, or *hades*. We raise the question: Is Paradise in *sheol* or *hades*? If it is, then there is no wisdom, nor knowledge, nor device, nor remembrance of God, nor thanksgiving, nor praise, in Paradise. We cannot consent to this. And another query: When "death and *hades* are cast into the lake of fire, which is the second death," will Paradise—as a part of *hades*—be cast into the lake of fire?

We are thankful that the Revised Version is proving the means of bringing this question so prominently into notice. Adventists have for years been pressing it upon the attention of the public that *hades* was improperly translated hell; that it does not denote a place of punishment; and that *geenna* is the Greek word which is properly translated hell. In this they were sustained by some of the best authorities; but in this they were bitterly opposed by the host of interested theologians, who seem determined to have it that *sheol*, or *hades*, in which are all the dead, is a place of torment, and that the punishment precedes the judgment. But God reserves the unjust to the day of

judgment to be punished (2 Peter 2: 9), rewards the righteous at the resurrection of the just (Luke 14: 14), and "gives reward to His servants the prophets," after, not before, the judgment. Rev. 11: 18. If this truth had been admitted by the ministry, who were supposed to have full knowledge of all the facts in the case, scoffers would have no chance to say that "the old hell of our fathers has been abolished by the Committee on Revision." And thus it becomes evident to all that they who teach false theories of the Christian faith are the ones who finally subvert the faith, and give the enemy occasion to reproach the word of God.

Hades means the place of the dead, both bad and good; and if this word had never been translated hell, the confusion which now prevails on this subject would not have existed.

J. H. WAGGONER.

A PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

IN the year 1856, when I was quite a boy, I became deeply troubled about my soul. I had before my mind a horrible picture of a burning hell and everlasting damnation. To my mind it was all real and true. I had been brought up very religiously; and this teaching was an important part of the programme. In the course of time I was duly scared, and wept much in face of so terrible a danger. In a few days, however, I am thankful to say, God, who is rich in mercy, took away that terror, and gave me peace, and I became a really happy boy, and passed into a new life.

Ever since that far-off time I have known something of the Divine working in human hearts. I ought here to say, however, that no permanent peace came to me until I had entered into quite another class of thought and feeling. The truth is, that while truly convicted of sin, I was scared with the traditions of men. It was Augustine, and Calvin, and Dante, who were tormenting me without any authority from the Word of God or the Spirit of Truth. But as they did it ignorantly in unbelief, and I have done the same thing to others, I forgive them, as I hope to be forgiven.

Oh, that then I could have learned the truth as I see it now! But, alas! the awful struggles, the fearful falls, the deep mortifications, the terrible disappointments, as well as the ecstasies and triumphs, that have been my lot since that time. It is now, however, my greatest grief that I have not allowed the Holy Spirit to have full sway over my whole nature, during these intervening years, so that God's fullest purposes might have been worked out in me and through me. But, alas! much of the good work which should have been done by me has been left undone, or has been accomplished by others. And, furthermore, many of the deeper and fuller experiences which I might have attained have not been realized. I am therefore the poorer in the true riches. I am, how-

ever, deeply anxious that the time past, wherein I have sown with a slack hand, and served with a sluggard heart, should suffice, and that henceforth I may sow only to the Spirit, and serve in newness of life, in the full control and guidance of the Holy Ghost.

For many years I was tortured with doubts; and was driven by an irresistible curiosity to investigate the creeds, opinions, dogmas, and practices of all sorts of Christians, and of every form of antichrist I could discover. At last curiosity was satisfied, and my mind perfectly settled as to the verities of the Gospel, and the wisdom, love, and mercy, of God's ways. And I said, in deep humility before the Eternal, "O God, I am perfectly satisfied that Thou art true and just in all Thy ways. Every form of doubt and mistrust of Thee has passed from me for ever. If I am saved, or even if I am lost, I can never more harbour one thought against Thee. For all the good of my life I praise Thee. For all the evil I blame myself. Thy law is holy, just, and good. For our fall, through another—even Adam—Thou hast fully compensated us, by the justification of life which has come to us with equal freedom through another—even Christ Jesus, Thine only begotten Son.

"Purgatory, and eternal torture, I have found to be the wicked inventions of the spirit of antichrist for sinister purposes, and to be entirely unsanctified by Thy Word, which is truth, and no lie; unmixed with error, and absolutely reliable."

Those who have known the rack and torture of religious doubt will not require me to describe the immense relief which this state of mind brought me; nor how profoundly thankful I felt for having arrived at such sure and well-grounded conclusions.

The man who can, at will, and with intelligence, glide through the ages, and listen with a free, unfettered mind, in the fear of the Lord, and with a devout heart, to the oracles of God, from creation's dawn to the last word of prophetic vision, should, indeed, be a happy man. And he may be, but only on one condition; viz., that having cleared away the débris, and found the true foundation, he will examine carefully every precious stone in the temple of truth, indelibly fix the impression on his own heart, and reflect the brightness of every discovered gem in his own life; and seek to make known, as far as he can, its hidden beauty and its marvellous value.

This, I am bound to say, for far too long a time I did not do; but allowed myself ease and latitude, at which I now marvel. But the time came when I sought and obtained greater nearness to God, a more profound longing for the fulness of His Spirit and His life. Yet the progress seemed small and uncertain. There was, however, a deep and abiding consciousness that God was leading me to something better. My way seemed utterly blocked, but in one direction. Daily I seemed to hear the Divine voice becalming my ruffled

soul, and soothing the troubled heart by such assurances as, "I will guide thee with Mine eye upon thee;" "In Him we live and move, and have our being;" "My life is hid with Christ in God."

At last there came a new discovery—a still broader truth than I had known—a greater nearness of the Christ in human life—a more literal, accurate, and beautiful comprehension of truth. The vague and uncertain took new shape and form: order took the place of confusion. Prophecy, fact, experience, responsibility and hope, all became more real and more complete. The kingdoms of grace, of glory, of God, of heaven, and the enthronement of saints; the doom of antichrist in every form, the completeness of Christ's work, the glory of the coming ages, the beauty of the restored Eden, the fulfilment of God's covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob: all these were manifest, dovetailing into one grand and perfect whole.

There came up, too, the Sabbath of the Lord our God, with no distorted form, with no apologies, mysteries, or explanations; but as a pure, recovered gem, brilliant in its own, unborrowed light; a precious stone which the eternal and infinite Creator Himself does not disdain as His own special property—a property which He will share with His saints through the everlasting ages. In deep humility I have accepted His gracious invitations to share with Him His Sabbath,—His rest.

So far, I have only enjoyed four of these Sabbaths; and therefore I am not able to bear testimony, like some of my brethren, who, for decades, have walked with God on these holy days. Yet, I could no more think of ceasing to call it a delight, and attempting to transfer its sanctities to any other day of the week, than I could think of asking God to excuse me for modifying any other command, and putting in any other form which I might like better.

P. Wilson, *In Present Truth.*

THE LOST TEN TRIBES.

"THERE are no lost tribes," is Mr. L. N. Demliiz' verdict in *The Andover Review*. The ten tribes were never bodily deported to Assyria. Most of the Israelites were left behind in the country they always occupied. At the fall of Jerusalem, Titus carried off only the inhabitants of Judea, who were sent across the Mediterranean to Italy and Spain. Hadrian afterward led the Galileans into captivity, and located them on the lower Rhine. From them—the "ten tribes"—the bulk of the Jews of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Poland, Russia, and Roumania are sprung; and these have in very modern times sent offshoots to Northern France, Holland, and the United States. Between Israel and Judah there has always been a rooted antipathy, and in America the Jewish families will not associate or intermarry with those of Israelitish descent. But the latter form more than nine-tenths of the Hebrew nation to-day.—*Religious Intelligencer.*



EXACTNESS OF PROPHECY.

NO. 5.

The last and Greatest of all Battles.

THAT every loyal mind may fully understand the stubborn nature and incurable character of a life devoted to rebellion, and that every rebel in the universe may be convinced, and confess that all of God's ways are just and right, (as it is written: "every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess,") the entire army of earth-born rebels are brought to life, and Satan is turned loose, and permitted to take full control of them; and as he sees the number of his army is "as the sand of the sea, he resolves to measure arms with the "Captain of our Salvation." Encouraged by the talent and reputation of men that he finds in his army, and because they greatly outnumber the little flock within the city, he undertakes the most stupendous enterprise upon which he has dared to venture since the fall of man.

The final desperate daring venture of his ambition is to besiege and capture the capital of Christ's kingdom. So he marshals his entire army, and marches them up around the New Jerusalem. Those within the city are but a "little flock," compared with the besieging army that surround the city, who must be a thousand times more numerous than all the combined armies of the world at the present time; but every soul of that vast army perishes in the lake of fire. Rev. 20: 9: "And they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city: and fire came down from God out of heaven, and devoured them." Not a soul escapes to scatter any more seeds of evil. The voice of rebellion is forever silent. Then shall peace be "as a river," and "righteousness as the waves of the sea."

Celestial Views of the Sanctuary.

One of the greatest physical blessings heaven has bestowed upon man is the sense of sight; and thru this sense, one of the most exalted privileges ever granted to mortal eyes, has been several times repeated, of having the vail drawn aside, and for a brief moment of feasting hungry human eyes upon the glories that eternally shine

in the heavenly temple, "Within fair Zion's jasper walls." We sometimes sing:—

"Could I but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Could fright me from that shore."

Grand, beyond conception, must have been the landscape view that was presented before the eyes of Moses as he stood on the summit of Mount Nebo; but surely not less so the picture that he beheld from the flaming, trembling summit of Mount Sinai. That,—a broad sweeping view of rural life in a world redeemed from sin and its blighting curse; this,—a view of the glory within the walls of the grand metropolis that contains the temple and the throne of the King of Kings: that,—a display of the skill of the Divine Architect in preparing for his people a country; this,—in preparing for them a city. But the "far more exceeding and eternal" interest found in the picture revealed to Moses on Mount Sinai, is not so much in its wonderful and perfect architecture, nor in its glittering gold, its shining precious stones, nor the brightness of its rainbow beams; but rather the work of eternal redemption to be wrought out by our Great High Priest in the heavenly sanctuary. It is only by a deep study of this subject, with the help of the Holy Spirit, that we may be able to comprehend the fascinating communion and instruction that so long detained Moses on the blazing summit of Sinai.

He was surely safer on that burning mountain with the God of love, than at the base of the mountain amid the fiery trials and opposition of that rebellious nation; and while he enjoyed that much needed rest, his long fast must have been sweetened by a spiritual feast that was more refreshing to him than Belshizar's feast would have been to Daniel.

A view that cured David of Envy.

How often an experience similar to that of David, is repeated in our lives, as we see "Haughty Pride" riding forth in such power, trampling upon the rights of the poor and the needy, and ruling with the relentless hand of oppression; but could we also be favoured with such a view of the *sanctuary* and the eternal destinies to be decided in connection with the work to be

accomplished therein, as David had, we might find, in the experience, as radical a cure as he found. He says:—

"Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart. But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped. For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For there are no bands in their death; but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men. Therefore pride compasseth them about as a chain; violence covereth them as a garment. Their eyes stand out with fatness: they have more than heart could wish. They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression: they speak loftily. They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh thru the earth. Therefore His people return hither: and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them." Ps. 73: 1—10. In verse 11, he shows how they "set their mouth against the heavens:" "And they say, How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the most High?" And he continues his complaint in verses 12—17:—

"Behold these are the ungodly who prosper in the world; they increase in riches. Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocence. For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning. If I say I will speak thus; behold, I should offend against the congregation of thy children. When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me; until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end." And here the scene changes. One look into the heavenly sanctuary—one view of the contrast between the eternal destiny of the righteous, and that of the wicked, snatches the "sweet singer of Israel" from the brink of ruin, and changes the whole course of his life. In the remaining ten verses of this Psalm, his song leaves that mournful minor key, and rolls in rapturous strains of triumphant rejoicing and praise.

"Surely thou didst set them in slippery places: thou castedst them down into desolation as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors. As a dream when one awaketh; so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image. Thus my heart was grieved, and I was pricked in my reins. So foolish was I and ignorant: I was as a beast before thee. Nevertheless I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. For, lo, they that are far from thee shall perish: thou hast destroyed all them that go a whoring from thee. But it is good for me to draw near to God: I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I may declare all thy works."

A Soul-entrancing view of the Judgment.

Another celestial view of the closing work in the heavenly sanctuary was given to Daniel, as recorded in Dan. 7. Any human attempt to embellish the sublime picture would seem so utterly vain, that we present the grand picture in the lofty language of inspiration, and leave it as we find it, lest the perfection of its beauty be marred by human mold.

"I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him: thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set and the books were opened." Dan. 7: 9, 10.

The Coronation.

"I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him, and there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." Dan. 7: 13, 14.

What uninspired orator ever uttered words of such burning eloquence? What uninspired mind ever conceived a theme so grand?

G. K. OWEN.

OBJECT OF THE GIFT OF THE SPIRIT.

WE are commanded to "desire spiritual gifts" (1 Cor. 14: 1), and to "covet earnestly the best gifts." 1 Cor. 12: 31.

These spiritual gifts are the gifts of the Holy Ghost, which are imparted by the Spirit to those who have received the Holy Ghost.

The sole object of these gifts is the perfecting of the saints,—the bringing to perfection the believers in Jesus.

Christian perfection is manifested in "charity, which is the bond of perfectness." Col. 3: 14. Charity is the love of God; and "this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments." 1 John 5: 3.

So entirely is it true that charity is the sole object of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, that though I had the gift of tongues in such measure that I could "speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have *not* charity, I am become as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal." 1 Cor. 13: 1. And charity is the love of God; and "this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments."

So entirely is it true that charity is the sole object of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, that "though I have the gift of prophecy,

and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, *I am nothing.*" Verse 2.

And charity is the love of God; and "this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments."

So entirely is it true that the sole object of the gifts of the Spirit is *charity*, that though I had these gifts in such measure that I were to "bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." Verse 3.

And charity is the love of God; and "this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments."

Thus is it entirely true, and the evidence is overwhelming, that the keeping of the commandments of God is the sole object of the gifts of the Holy Spirit. And thus it is demonstrated that the keeping of the commandments of God is the greatest gift that can possibly be bestowed upon men.

Do you desire to keep the commandments of God? If you do, then earnestly "desire spiritual gifts;" for without these you never can become a true keeper of the commandments of God.

Do you desire really to keep the commandments of God? If you do, then freely "covet earnestly the best gifts;" for only by the gifts of the Spirit can you ever be really a keeper of the commandments.

"Ask, and it shall be given you." "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." "Be filled with the Spirit." "Covet earnestly the best gifts."

A. T. JONES.

PRINCIPLES AND MEN.

MEN change, but principles do not. Men may be converted; principles cannot be. A bad principle is wholly bad, whether held by good or bad men, and only evil will result from following it. It is frequently worse in results when held by good men than when held by those who are inclined to evil; for from wicked men evil is expected, and the character of the men demands the rejection of the principle. On the other hand, an evil principle is not infrequently considered good or harmless, because it is held by good men. The general reputation of the man is taken as the exponent of the principle which he advocates.

But evil principles result only in evil. They led Saul, the zealous and conscientious Pharisee, to become a persecutor of the people of God. Decius, one of the most conscientious of Roman emperors, was one of the worst persecutors of Christians, only because he conscientiously adhered to Roman laws. An evil principle followed will lead the best of men naturally to just what the Son of God declared to His disciples: "They shall put you out of the synagogues; yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that

he doeth God service." John 16: 2. The reason why "they" so act is that they are not led by the true principle of justice and love, and hence *are* led by a wrong principle; for "these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor Me." Verse 3. It is not from the men as such that the persecutions of the world have come, but from the principles which these men followed, and which made the men what they were.

M. C. WILCOX.

GRACE IN LITTLE THINGS.

THERE is an old story of a certain minister, who, in arranging his toilet for his afternoon parochial calls, found a button gone from his shirt collar, and all at once the good man's patience left him. He fretted and scolded and said undignified and unkind things, until the tired wife burst into tears and escaped to her room. The hours of the afternoon wore away, during which the parson called upon Brother Jones, who was all bowed down with rheumatism, and found him patient, and even cheerful; upon young Brother Hall, wasting away with consumption; upon good old Grandmother Smith, in her poor, miserable hovel of a home, and found her singing one of the good old hymns, as happy as a bird; upon young Mrs. Brown, who had a few weeks before buried her only child, and found her trustful and serene, in the views of God's love which had come to her through her affliction. The minister went home filled with what he had seen, and when evening came, and he was seated in his easy chair, and his good wife near him busy with her needle, he could not help saying, "What a wonderful thing grace is! How much it will do! There is nothing beyond its power! Wonderful! Wonderful! It can do all things." Then the little wife said,—

"Yes, it is wonderful indeed; but there is one thing that the grace of God does not seem to have power to do."

"Ah, what can that be? said the husband.

"Why, it does not seem to have power to control a minister's temper when his shirt button is gone."

That was a new version of the doctrine of grace to the parson, but it was such a version as many another religious man needs to remember.

There is many a man who can stand up before a multitude and "confess Christ;" who can be most meek when insulted in some public place; who can rub his hands and bless God for the power of religion, but who is too weak to keep his temper at home. The value of art is in the fineness of the work—the perfection of music is in the little accuracies. So the beauty and power of our religion are seen when we manifest grace in little things. As it takes greater skill to engrave the Lord's prayer upon a sixpence than upon a broad steel plate, so it takes more grace to live a good Christian at home than in public.—*Golden Rule.*



AS IN NOAH'S DAY.

"By the word of God . . . the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished. But the heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." 2 Peter 3: 5-7.

The earth will again be swept by the desolating wrath of God, and sin and sinners will be destroyed. The sins that called for vengeance upon the antediluvian world exist to-day. The fear of God is banished from the hearts of men, and His law is treated with indifference and contempt. The intense worldliness of that generation is equalled by that of the generation now living.

Said Christ, "As in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." Matt. 24: 38, 39. God did not condemn the antediluvians for eating and drinking; He had given them the fruits of the earth in great abundance to supply their physical wants.

Appetite and Passion

Their sin consisted in taking these gifts without gratitude to the Giver, and debasing themselves by indulging appetite without restraint. It was lawful for them to marry. Marriage was in God's order; it was one of the first institutions which He established. He gave special directions concerning this ordinance, clothing it with sanctity and beauty; but these directions were forgotten, and marriage was perverted, and made to minister to passion.

A similar condition of things exists now. That which is lawful in itself is carried to excess. Appetite is indulged without restraint. Professed followers of Christ are to-day eating and drinking with the drunken, while their names stand in honoured church records. Intemperance benumbs the moral and spiritual powers, and prepares the way for indulgence of the lower passions. Multitudes feel under no moral obligation to curb their sensual desires, and they become the slaves of lust. Men are living for the pleasures of sense; for this world and this life alone.

Extravagance pervades all circles of society. Integrity is sacrificed for luxury and display. They that make haste to be rich pervert justice, and oppress the poor; and "slaves and souls of men" are still bought and sold.

Increase of Evil.

THE spirit of anarchy is permeating all nations, and the outbreaks that from time to time excite the horror of the world are but indications of the pent-up fires of passion and lawlessness that, having once escaped control, will fill the earth with woe and desolation. The picture which inspiration has given of the antediluvian world, represents too truly the condition to which modern society is fast hastening. Even now, and in professedly Christian lands, there are crimes daily perpetrated, as black and terrible as those for which the old-world sinners were destroyed.

Before the flood, God sent Noah to warn the world, that the people might be led to repentance, and thus escape the threatened destruction. As the time of Christ's second appearing draws near, the Lord sends His servants with a warning to the world to prepare for that great event. Multitudes have been living in transgression of God's law, and now He in mercy calls them to obey its sacred precepts. All who will put away their sins by repentance toward God and faith in Christ, are offered pardon. But many feel that it requires too great a sacrifice to put away sin. Because their life does not harmonize with the pure principles of God's moral government, they reject His warnings, and deny the authority of His law.

Of the vast population of the earth before the flood, only eight souls believed and obeyed God's word through Noah. For a hundred and twenty years the preacher of righteousness warned the world of the coming destruction; but his message was rejected and despised. So it will be now. Before the Lawgiver shall come to punish the disobedient, transgressors are warned to repent, and return to their allegiance; but with the majority these warnings will be in vain. Says the Apostle Peter, "There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own

lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning." 2 Peter 3: 3, 4.

Peace and Safety.

Do we not hear these very words repeated, not merely by the openly ungodly, but by many who occupy the pulpits of our land? "There is no cause for alarm," they cry. "Before Christ shall come, all the world is to be converted, and righteousness is to reign for a thousand years. Peace, peace! all things continue as they were from the beginning. Let none be disturbed by the exciting message of these alarmists." But this doctrine of the millennium does not harmonize with the teachings of Christ and His apostles. Jesus asked the significant question, "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" Luke 18: 8. And, as we have seen, He declares that the state of the world will be as in the days of Noah.

Paul warns us that we may look for wickedness to increase as the end draws near: "The Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils." 1 Tim. 4: 1. The apostle says that "in the last days perilous times shall come." 2 Tim. 3: 1. And he gives a startling list of sins that will be found among those who have a form of godliness.

As the time of their probation was closing, the antediluvians gave themselves up to exciting amusements and festivities. Those who possessed influence and power were bent on keeping the minds of the people engrossed with mirth and pleasure lest any should be impressed by the last solemn warning. Do we not see the same repeated in our day? While God's servants are giving the message that the end of all things is at hand, the world is absorbed in amusements and pleasure-seeking. There is a constant round of excitement that causes indifference to God, and prevents the people from being impressed by the truths which alone can save them from the coming destruction.

False Teaching.

In Noah's day, philosophers declared that it was impossible for the world to be destroyed by water; so now there are men of science who endeavour to show that the world cannot be destroyed by fire,—that this would be inconsistent with the laws of nature. But the God of nature, the maker and controller of her laws, can use the works of His hands to serve His own purpose.

When great and wise men had proved to their satisfaction that it was impossible for the world to be destroyed by water, when the fears of the people were quieted, when all regarded Noah's prophecy as a delusion, and looked upon him as a fanatic,—then it was that God's time had come. "The fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened." (Gen. 7: 11), and

the scoffers were overwhelmed in the waters of the flood. With all their boasted philosophy, men found too late that their wisdom was foolishness, that the Lawgiver is greater than the laws of nature, and that Omnipotence is at no loss for means to accomplish His purposes.

"As it was in the days of Noah," "even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed." Luke 17: 26, 30. "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up." 2 Peter 3: 10. When the reasoning of philosophy has banished the fear of God's judgments; when religious teachers are pointing forward to long ages of peace and prosperity, and the world are absorbed in their round of business and pleasure, planting and building, feasting and merry-making, rejecting God's warnings and mocking His messengers,—then it is that sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape. 1 Thess. 5: 3.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

HOW TO LOVE GOD.

"I DO not love God, and it does not seem as though I ever could; how can I learn to love Him?"

Thus writes an inquiring soul. The only answer is, Get acquainted with God. The trouble with our friend is a lack of acquaintance with God; for "he that loveth not knoweth not God." 1 John 4: 8. "And they that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee; for Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek Thee." Ps. 9: 10.

Don't trouble yourself about "trying to love God." Love doesn't come in that way. Love is a spontaneous growth springing from acquaintance with one who is loving and loveable. Get acquainted with God, and you can't help loving Him. The god whom you are *trying* to love, is not the true God.

"The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us" (Rom. 5: 5), and we are taught (Luke 11: 13) that God is more ready to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him, than a parent is to give good things to his children. The Spirit has, indeed, been poured out upon all flesh (Acts 2: 16, 17), so that the gift of love has been bestowed upon us even before we ask it. Air and water, the first essentials to life, and the freest of the gifts of God, are the best representations of the measureless gift of the Spirit, and so of the infinity of God's gift of everlasting love.

"But how can I get acquainted with God?" Oh, that is not difficult. He is "not far from every one of us" Acts 17: 27), and is very accessible, for he invites everybody to come to Him. Thru Christ all men of every class and nation

"have access by one Spirit unto the Father." Eph. 2: 18. Begin to hold conversations with Him. Do not be afraid of intruding, or of putting yourself forward; for when you speak to the Lord you are only replying to the words that He has already spoken to you. If you consider what He has said to you, you will be at no loss to know what to say to Him. You cannot expect to love one with whom you are not acquainted; but what is more natural than the growth of love between persons who frequently converse together.

E. J. WAGGONER.

NEWS ITEMS.

A loan of 35,000,000 pounds is to be made in England to the Transvaal.

In Arizona (U. S. A.) 20,000 Navajo Indians are said to be on the verge of starvation.

A general strike of French coal miners was begun October 9th, but has ended.

The island of Guam, east of the Philippines, has been devastated by a succession of earthquakes.

The bank clearings of New York City, during the last business year, amounted to Rs. 225,000,000,000.

A strike on a railway in Mexico, was settled by the government, which ordered troops to take control of the line.

Almost a complete failure of crops in England except in the northern districts, is said to be the result of heavy rains.

The remaining government troops in Venezuela have agreed to surrender. The revolutionists have set a price on President Castro's head.

In a fierce conflict between the peasants and local military forces in Russia, many persons have been killed or wounded.

More women than men, are now said to be arrested for intoxication in England. Only one quarter as many women as men fifteen years ago.

At the present time the yearly importation of diamonds and other precious stones, reaches the extravagant sum of Rs. 69,000,000— in the United States of America.

The Turks recently allowed two Russian war ships to pass the Dardanells, which are kept closed against the ships of all other powers.

Two aeronauts in France were quite successful in directing their air ship in various directions above the ground; but their car fell from the balloon, and they lost their lives.

Santos Dumont is building an air ship in which he proposes to make a trip from Paris to San Francisco. If he is successful, he is to be paid the sum of 200,000 dollars.

It is claimed that an electric automobile, invented by Signor Marconi, will carry sufficient electrical energy at one charging to travel 560 miles at the rate of 38 miles an hour.

A final struggle for independence has begun in Macedonia. Twenty-two villages are in revolt against the Turks. A Turkish force sent against the revolutionists, has been slaughtered.

At Salina Cruz Mexico, on September 23, seventy earthquake shocks were counted in one day, and these were followed by a great tidal wave which destroyed a half million dollars' worth of property.

The "Times" states that an official report forwarded from Manila to the United States Government at Washington, makes the assertion that Dr. Razlan, a practitioner from Viena, has "successfully treated" fourteen cases of leprosy in the Philippines.

The Review and Herald reports that "Two miners, heads of families, who began keeping the Sabbath at Mount Kembla, Australia, were refused further work in the mines at that place, because they would not give up their convictions of right, and work on the seventh day. They left Mount Kembla, and scarcely were they settled in a neighbouring town when a fearful explosion wrecked the mine they had left, killing ninety men. "Thus was 'godliness profitable unto all things' to these brethren."

SORROW AND JOY.

The old song that sorrow and joy may meet has its vital illustration in almost every life. The following beautiful example of how the finest joy may be born out of the deepest sorrow came to light not long ago:

A woman living in one of the suburban towns of eastern Massachusetts lost her only boy a few years ago, under most harrowing circumstances. He was a peculiarly clean-minded, winsome lad of eleven, who seemed to have been born with higher ideals than are usually granted to the modern boy. On the day before Christmas he fell from some joists into the cellar of a half-finished house, and so injured his spine that he died after a few days of agony.

The blow drove the mother almost insane. She could not be comforted. Her husband, her friends, no one seemed to have the slightest power to comfort her or to draw her mind from her loss.

One day, when it seemed as if her mind would finally give way, she started up with the cry:—

"I must see my boy! I cannot stand it any longer! I must see him!"

It was late in the afternoon, and before she realized where she was, and without knowing how she came there, she found herself in the streets of the city. As she stood there on a corner, dazed, undecided, a newsboy approached and thrust a paper toward her with an appealing glance. She looked down, and as she did so met the eyes of her own dead son—the eyes that had haunted her and that she had been looking for so desperately.

The face itself was different. It was dirty, unrefined, uneducated; but the eyes were the eyes of her dead son.

Her heart gave a great leap for joy. She had found an outlet for the activity of a heart arrested by grief in its natural maternal development. The atmosphere seemed suddenly to clear about her, and her soul leaped for joy. She asked the newsboy where he lived, and told him that she should call on him the next day.

She kept her promise. The conditions in which she found the boy were conditions of squalor and poverty, as was to be expected. She began to improve them. The first call was followed by others and the newsboy was invited to her own home. From her interest in him she became interested in others of his kind.

The woman is not rich, and she has many demands upon her; but she now has a family of fifty newsboys, for whom she cares and on whom she calls at least once a month. When they are in trouble, she is their help; when they are sick, she is their nurse. She is their mother, their good angel, and to-day is one of the happiest women in the world.

—Selected.

HEALTH HINTS

"THE CURSE, CAUSELESS, SHALL NOT COME."

(Concluded.)

The third fundamental cause of Sodom's destruction was "abundance of idleness." When Adam fell, the Lord arranged it so that he would have to work hard enough to sweat. This was not a curse, but a blessing, and was essential to his happiness while in this wicked world; but there never was a time when honest labor was so much despised as at present, and when there was such a desperate attempt to get through the world without working. The country boy reads about his city cousin becoming rich in a night, and abandons the farm in the vain attempt to secure a livelihood without earning it by the sweat of his brow.

Every rescue worker of any considerable experience will substantiate the fact that a large proportion of the ever-increasing army of fallen girls comes from homes that had in them pianos and the various comforts which modern life produces; where the mother frequently said: "Mary, you will never have such a time as I have had. I am going to see that you have a chance in the world," and so the gray-haired mother drudges from morning till night in the kitchen and over the washtub, while Mary enjoys the curse of "abundance of idleness." Contempt for honest labor increases until she would rather barter her womanhood for bread than earn it legitimately.

The aged father says to his boy: "Johnnie, I don't want you to have to do as I did early in my life; I want you to have a chance." And so Johnnie uses up his surplus energy while in college by playing pranks upon his fellow students, and squanders some of his useful activity, which should have been expended in wholesome work, in the wine rooms in the evenings; and the poor father, with commendable pride, thinks he is giving his boy a "chance." By and by Johnnie discovers that the shortest way of getting through the world without working is by gambling or forgery.

Some one has said that "an idle brain is the devil's workshop." It may be as truly said that it is his camping ground, and the best foundation for just such a life as Sodom represented. The remedy consists in inculcating from earliest childhood the true dignity of labor, in giving industrial training equal prominence in the school curriculum with higher mathematics and the fine arts, in recognizing that the girl who faithfully performs the kitchen work belongs on the same social plane as her wealthy sister who never toiled, provided she otherwise possesses the necessary character and qualifications; she should be afforded the

same standing as the young woman who fritters away her time in idleness, and perhaps possesses no special qualification except the fact that she "never had to work." This may, in some instances, necessitate some re-casting of fossilized ideas, but the sooner the erroneous notion that work is degrading is broken up, the better. Just so long as society closes its social doors to boys and girls on the ground that they are toilers, while at the same time the dens of iniquity are extending their arms to them, society need shed no tears over the prosperity that these institutions are enjoying while sapping the life-blood of the nation. The "axe" must be laid at the "root of the tree," instead of being used in hewing off small twigs.

"Neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy." The last source of Sodom's difficulty was utter neglect of the poor and unfortunate. But some will say that this certainly does not apply at the present time, for there never was a period in the world's history when so much money was expended for charity. However, it is well to bear in mind that much of this money is disbursed through boards and bureaus and institutions, often in a cold-hearted, professional way, thus lacking the inspiration that comes from the benefactor and the benefited grasping each other's hands, each feeling the pulse-beat of the other. In one of the large Eastern States, for every five dollars that are given for charity, four dollars are actually expended for the salaries of the secretaries and boards and committees who devote their time to the disbursement of the other one dollar. In fact, personal individual charity, where heart is brought in contact with heart, and face looks into face, is being discountenanced and frowned upon by many charity bureaus, and regarded as "misapplied charity."

The Master did not operate through bureaus, boards, and committees. He "went about doing good," and the great masses, individually, were inspired by His personal presence. The ever-increasing tendency of modern charity to transfer efforts from the individual to the community is robbing it of the blessing that accompanies personal and individual effort in assisting the poor and suffering. The saloon keeper, the cheap politician, the managers of gambling hells, all recognize the value of personal efforts, and the Christian worker must not overlook the fact that it is just as true of human souls as it is of fruit, that the *hand-picked* varieties are always the best.

True reformatory efforts will be successful just to the extent that they are directed to the removal of causes rather than to the cure of effects; and just to the extent that the correcting power of the gospel is applied to the taproots of the fundamental defects of society,—namely, pride, fullness of bread, abundance of idleness, and failure to help the poor and needy,—just to that extent, we shall see that it has in it the

same power to inspire and uplift humanity that it possessed when it was enunciated by the lowly Nazarene on the hills of Galilee.

DAVID PAULSON M. D.

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THE DANGER OF SMALL WOUNDS.

MANY lives are lost each year in consequence of the lack of a little common sense about simple cuts and wounds of the hands or other parts. Several cases have been recorded in our newspapers of inquests on persons who have died from blood-poisoning from small cuts on the hands. A man, for example, while working at his trade, or even while cutting a piece of bread, receives a cut on the hand; it scarcely calls for notice; anything is good enough with which to stop the bleeding, and the small wound is left to take care of itself. As long as wounds, however small remain unhealed, the risk of contracting blood-poisoning will always be present. Cuts should have some dressing, vaseline answering in most cases, and be tied up in linen; or, at least, have courtplaster on till the skin heals. By the way, court-plasters should never be wet by the lips to convey acid saliva or germs from the mouth. To be perfectly safe, plaster should be kept in wax paper, and wet in boiling water.—*Pacific Health Journal*.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

THE hair suffers by reason of much ill-directed energy expended on its behalf, as well as by neglect.

Dressing the hair is so commonly done without intelligent appreciation of its needs, or is so often habitually disregarded, that the hair is rarely the adornment it might be.

A vigorous growth of hair is dependent upon the healthfulness of the scalp. Baldness, for example, is the usual accompaniment of a tight, thin scalp, while a soft, loose scalp, with a bountiful blood supply, will ordinarily produce an abundant growth of hair.

The scalp has been not inaptly compared to the soil, which is productive according to its nutritive ability, and also according to the well-judged care bestowed upon it.

Brisk, daily brushing is indispensable to the health of the hair. The scalp must be subjected to friction from the brush for the sake of cleanliness. A brush with rather stiff bristles is necessary in case the hair is thick. If the hair is thin, a softer brush accomplishes the same result. The root of the hair—the portion upon which growth depends—is stimulated by intimate contact with the brush, which should produce a sensation of pleasurable warmth in the scalp. A brush that scratches and irritates should be discarded.

The comb plays a minor part in hair-dressing, but requires equal care in its selection. It should have widely spaced,

smooth and blunt-pointed teeth. The use of the old-fashioned fine-toothed comb cannot be approved at any time, as it subjects the large, strong hairs to pulling and injury by splitting or cracking them, and may also tear the scalp.

Too frequent drenching is apt to be harmful to the hair, since it is thus apt to be kept moist or damp. This state is favorable to decomposition here as elsewhere. It is sufficient in most cases to practise washing the hair not oftener than once a week. A good toilet-soap is to be used, the hair subsequently being well rinsed and carefully dried.

When the hair has not sufficient oil of itself, some substitute may be provided, for which nothing serves better than vaseline or olive-oil. This is to be applied to the scalp or to the roots of the hair. The brisk, daily brushing recommended above is also a stimulant to the oil-glands.

Singeing the ends of the hair is of no value as a means of stimulating its growth. The same may be said of close cropping, yet this is commendable in childhood, since it renders cleanliness of the scalp easily attainable, and allows free access of the air to the scalp, which is therefore consequently less subjected to prolonged dampness and decomposition.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE BRAIN ON THE STOMACH.

It is a common opinion that good, or rather high, living is the principal cause of dyspepsia; but while the quantity and quality of our food, and the manner of eating it, doubtless has much to do with the behaviour of our stomachs, the state of our brains has perhaps quite as much. Some of the most healthy people eat as much of any and all things as they desire without consulting any dietetic rules, and others who pay great attention to their diet are the victims of dyspepsia; but in most of these cases it will be found that these people take but little exercise, and overwork their brains in reading, writing, and the anxious pursuits of business. They sit down to a meal with minds absorbed and preoccupied to such an extent that they cannot tell five minutes after eating what they ate, or whether they had eaten at all; and then they rush off to their business or literary work, thus diverting from the stomach to the brain the energy which should be concentrated on the stomach for the performance of its digestive functions. The brain being the source and fountain of all nervous influence, the organ which controls all the functions of the body, it is not strange that people should be dyspeptic when the blood and nerve forces which should be concentrated on the stomach are diverted to the brain.

One of the most important rules for the avoidance and cure of dyspepsia is to eat

with a quiet mind, and then to rest quietly for an hour or two after eating.

This simple rule, with a reasonable regard to the quantity and quality of food, will cure many cases of dyspepsia. It has been truly said that head workers need more rest than hand workers, and that three hours of hard brain work are more exhaustive to the nervous energies than a whole day of ordinary manual labor. Therefore, above everything else, brain workers need sleep through the whole night and a nap in the day, especially after dinner. It is in accordance with nature, as is manifested by the habits of the lower animals, which lie down and sleep after every meal.—*Pacific Health Journal*.

DEFECTIVE SIGHT.

THE announcement by Dr. Weir Mitchell about thirty years ago that conditions of the eye requiring extreme effort to focus it, in other words, eye strain, cause certain nervous headaches, directed the attention of many other observers to the far-reaching effects of defective vision.

The short-sighted child may become more studious than the average from the fact that he is able to see only objects close at hand. He may thus turn to books with a degree of application which may be harmful, inasmuch as the defect renders it likely that his outdoor pleasures are correspondingly restricted.

The far-sighted child may be even more seriously affected. He perceives objects near at hand with a blurred and indistinct impression. It is a difficult process for him to apply his attention to a book or to a copy because the eyes rebel against prolonged strain. Not seeing clearly, he is less apt to reason clearly. A new idea dawns slowly when study demands a marked expenditure of nervous energy. In this event it is not to be wondered at if study becomes tiresome and distasteful, and if the child's ingenuity is exercised to further his escape from as much school work as possible.

A physical defect which it is possible to correct may thus easily become responsible for traits of character which permanently impair mental progress. A noted observer has stated it as his opinion that a child with a marked degree of far-sightedness is always backward in his studies, and prone to the habit of making excuses for lessons unlearned.

Children who are cross-eyed have a double disadvantage in that they are hampered by sight-confusion, and are also frequently the butt of their companions' thoughtless ridicule. It has been noted that the correction of cross-eye has improved the disposition as well as the sight of a child previously affected.

Defects of the eye productive of far- and near-sightedness are not always readily detected. Parents should bear in mind the possibility of defective vision as a cause for the backwardness of children in school or at play.

RECIPES.

Baked Brinjals.—Wash and cook whole in boiling water until tender. Divide in halves, remove the inside with a spoon, taking care not to break the skin. Beat the brinjal smooth with a fork. Season with salt and cream, and if desired, a stalk of celery or a small slice of onion very finely minced, for flavor. Put back in the skin, sprinkle the top with bread-crumbs, and brown in the oven, with the cut side uppermost.

Vegetable Pea soup.—Cook one pint of split peas until dissolved. When nearly done put to cooking one and one-half pints of sliced potato and one medium-sized onion, sliced thin. When tender, rub all through a colander, add water to make of the consistency of thin cream, and salt to taste. Reheat and serve.

Tapioca Jelly.—Soak a cup of tapioca in a pint of water over night. Add another pint, and cook until transparent and smooth. Add three tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice and four tablespoonfuls of sugar; beat well together and turn into molds. Serve cold. No dressing is required.

Green Pea Soup.—Gently simmer two quarts of shelled peas in sufficient water to cook, but leaving almost no juice when tender. Rub through a colander, moistening, if necessary, with a little cold milk. Add to the sifted peas an equal quantity of rich milk and a small onion cut in halves. Boil all together five or ten minutes until the soup is delicately flavored, then skim out the onion; add salt if desired, and serve. If preferred, a half cup of thin cream may be added just before serving. Celery may be used in place of the onion, or both may be omitted.

Raisin Granola.—Into a quart of boiling water stir a cupful of dry malted nuts, and then sprinkle in slowly a pint of granola, and cook until thickened. Add a large cupful of nicely steamed raisins, and serve hot with a sauce made by rubbing stewed dried apricots through a fine colander.

Orange Pie.—Rub smooth a heaping tablespoonful of corn-starch in three tablespoonfuls of water; pour over it a cup of boiling water, and cook until clear, stirring frequently that no lumps form. Add one cupful of sour orange-juice, a little grated rind, and the juice of one lemon, with sugar to taste. Lastly, when quite cool, stir in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Bake with under crust only. Meringue the top, when baked, with the whites of the eggs well beaten with a tablespoonful of sugar, and a very little grated orange peel sprinkled over it. Science in the kitchen.

GET health. No labor, pains, temperance, poverty, nor exercise that can gain it must be grudged; for sickness is a cannibal which eats up all the life and youth it can lay hold of, and absorbs its own sons and daughters.—*Emerson*.



SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"THEN you don't believe in a special providence, Mr. Macdonald?"

"Well, that is putting it rather baldly. Oh, yes. I think there is such a doctrine in the Bible—in fact, I remember several passages that seem to indicate it. But I should say they are more especially intended for those 'unlucky dogs' who are always in low water. Now, I have never needed them. Things have gone smoothly with me, and I ought to be very thankful; but, then, I am a great believer in the old saying (is it in the Bible too?), 'God helps those who help themselves;'" and Mr. Macdonald folded his plump hands, and smiled complacently.

Mr. Grey looked at him with an expression of pity that needed the influence of his fine nature to preserve from a dash of contempt. He had called upon the prosperous merchant that bitterly cold winter's morning to ask his help in a case of pressing need—almost starvation—and had been met with the usual platitude about "the danger of indiscriminate giving," and of "pauperising people," etc.—often a convenient barricade behind which selfishness and parsimony entrench themselves.

In bygone days, Mr. Macdonald and he, had been fellow-members and workers in a Christian Church, before riches increased, and his friend's heart had been set upon them to his grave spiritual detriment. But Mr. Grey felt that this case of soul-famine was more pitifully needy than even the cause he had come to plead.

"Am I interrupting any work just now?" he asked: "if not, I will give you an incident of my own experience."

"Oh, no, my dear fellow," said the other, visibly relieved by the change of subject; "you could not have come at a better time. I am quite glad of a chat with you; it reminds me of old times—very pleasant ones they were," he added, with a tone of regret, "but, as we get on in the world, new duties push out the old—a rising family, you see, and fresh social claims. But tell me this incident; I am sure it will be interesting."

"You say, 'God helps those who help themselves,'" Mr. Grey responded quietly. "I am sure He does. But sometimes the

Help Comes in Strange Disguises, and tests the faith pretty sharply. There are many 'steps of bewilderment' in the path of life, and some stiff climbing; and though it develops muscle we don't enjoy it while it lasts. I had a time like that a few years ago. I have never been a rich man, but neither my wife nor I troubled about that, so long as we could pay our way and make the home bright, in an unpretending way, for the children. I do not think any one could say I did not help myself, by real steady work and care, to keep down expenses; and my wife—well, I never could tell anyone how she helped me in that struggle.

"But I had what some call 'a run of bad luck.' A large stock of furniture like mine needs extensive premises, and I could not afford to pay the rent in the best thoroughfare; so men who could, got more than their share of the trade. Still, I could have got along if people who bought my goods had paid for them honestly, but some kept me waiting for years, and others never paid at all. Thus it came about that a bill for a heavy amount was falling due, and I did not know how to meet it.

"I shall never forget the terrible days I passed thru when this difficulty faced me, and I could not see a way thru it. Not to be able to pay my debts seemed to me worse than death, and for a long time I clung firmly to the confidence that God would never permit such a disgrace to fall upon me. I knew that He could easily send some customer my way, and oh, how I did plead with Him to do it. But so far as I could tell there was no voice, nor any who regarded,

"It was a time of the year when trade was always dull and the days dragged on until I came to the very last one before the bill was due. I had never before kept a secret from my wife, but all this time I had hid this trouble from her, for I thought it would almost break her heart. However, at last I lost all hope, and grew so desperate that I think, if I had not told her, my reason would have given way. After a long preamble I had to tell her straight out; and then I was sorry I had not told her sooner, for though at first she turned so white that I thought she would faint, she brightened up, and with a brave light in her eyes, said, 'Thomas, you haven't forgotten God?' 'No, but I think He must have forgotten us,' I was wicked enough to answer. 'No, dear,' she said; 'we know better than that. This is just the time He has warned us of, and told us how to act in it. *Call on Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee.* You know,' she went on, 'we cannot always ask confidently for temporal relief, because it might not be good for us; but to be able to pay our just debts must be according to God's will, and so we will call on Him, and, Thomas, He *will deliver us!*' It amazed me to hear her talk so, for she was so retiring, and always seemed to lean on me in everything, and now she was my helper!

But her words came with all the more power on that account, and my faith began to revive.

"We knelt down, and as we prayed all dread left me. I no longer saw my circumstances, I only saw my Deliverer. I knew from that time the meaning of the words, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee,' for during the rest of the day all the burden was gone, and I found myself continually humming the familiar words:—

'March on then right boldly,
The sea shall divide.'

"I did not feel quite so restful and satisfied next morning when the way still seemed shut in; yet as I went into the shop I had a curious feeling of wonder how God was going to divide the sea, for, with a desperate faith, I believed He would do it.

'About eleven o'clock a well-dressed gentleman came in, and after enquiring in a businesslike way for expensive pieces of furniture, selected one thing after another. Suddenly he said, 'I must not buy any more this morning; if you will make out the bill I will write a cheque; but I hope it will not inconvenience you to keep the things until I need them, which may not be for a few weeks.'

"I was trembling so that I really could not write, but called a clerk. That morning I had gone carefully over my bankbook and cash to see how much was still needed to meet the bill, and when the account was totalled, I saw that it came to the very amount required. I fairly broke down, and greatly astonished my customer by bowing my head on the desk and bursting into tears. It was only a momentary weakness, and then I explained to him that his purchases that morning had been nothing short of a divine deliverance from a most pressing need. His benevolent countenance lighted up as he listened.

"'It is indeed wonderful,' he said; 'for I must tell you that I have had your address in my pocket for several days, given to me by a friend who recommended you. But not needing the goods at once, I almost forgot the matter until this morning. Being in this neighbourhood, with an hour to spare between two appointments, my attention was suddenly attracted by your name, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to look at your stock.'

Mr. Grey paused. "Thank you very much," Mr. Macdonald said, with a slight huskiness of tone. "That story has done me good. I am afraid prosperity does materialize us a little, and it must almost be worth a little strain to see the hand of God stretched out like that. You might let me look at that subscription list again."

Mr. Grey took away with him a substantial proof of the "good" that had been done to his wealthy listener—a good that would be largely multiplied if there were among us fewer murmurs at the "mysteries" of God's Providence, and more joyous praise of His manifested love and guardian care.—*M. C. F., in the Christian,*

A WORRYING WOMAN.

A WORRYING woman will always, no doubt,
Find something or other to worry about;
She worries at this, and she worries at that,
And nobody knows what she's worrying at.

If she sees a small cloud she will worry for fear
A terrible cyclone is hovering near;
If she hears any noise in the night she's in dread,
And fancies a burglar is under her bed.

If the children are out she is on the alert
To worry because they may chance to get hurt;
And if they're at home and unusually still,
She's sure to imagine they're dreadfully ill.

If a window is open she'll worry and scold
Because she's in danger of getting a cold;
If the windows are closed then she can't get her
breath,
And worries for fear she'll be stifled to death.

If she travels by boat she imagines the worst
That can happen—is certain the boiler will burst;
And if by the train she decides to come back,
She is sure that the engine will run off the track.

If there's work to be done she is in a great stew,
For fear that the workmen will never get thru;
And when they have finished and gone out of
sight,
She worries for fear they've not done the work
right,

If she goes out to shop she is worried for fear
The goods she buys cheap will turn out to be dear;
And if little or much of her money is spent,
She never is happy, and never content.

She worries if she remains single too long;
And if she is married she thinks she did wrong;
She worries if she is not treated just right;
And in this way she worries from morning till
night.

A worrying woman you never can please;
She's always unhappy, and never at ease;
And with nothing to vex her, she'll worry, no
doubt,
Because she has nothing to worry about.

—Sel.

SPEAK CHEERFUL WORDS.

WHY is it that so many people keep all their pleasant thoughts and kind words about a man bottled and sealed until he is dead, when they come and break the bottle over his coffin, and bathe his shroud in fragrance? Many a man goes through life with scarcely one bright, cheerful, encouraging, hopeful word. He toils hard and in lowly obscurity. He gives out his life freely and unstintedly for others. I remember such a man. He was not brilliant; he was not great; but he was faithful. He had many things to discourage him. Troubles thickened about his life. He was misrepresented and misunderstood. Everybody believed that he was a good man, but no one ever said a kindly word or pleasant thing to him. He never heard a compliment, scarcely ever a good wish. No one ever took any pains to encourage him, to strengthen his feeble knees, to lighten his burdens, or to lift up his heart by a gentle deed of love, or by a cheerful word. He was neglected. Unkind things were often said of him.

I stood at his coffin, and there were many tongues to speak his praise. There was not a breath of aspersion in the air. Men spoke of self-denial—of his work among the poor, of his quietness, modesty, his humility, his pureness of heart, his faith and prayer.

There were many who spoke indignantly of the charges that falsehood had forged against him in past years, and of the treatment he had received. There were enough kind things said during the two or three days that he lay in his coffin, and while the company stood around his open grave, to have blessed him and made him happy all his fifty years, and to have thrown sweetness and joy about his soul during all his painful and weary journey. There was enough sunshine wasted about the black coffin, and dark grave to have made his life-path bright as the clearest day.

But his ears were closed then, and could not hear a word that was spoken. His heart was still then, and could not be thrilled by the grateful sounds. He cared nothing then for the sweet flowers that were piled upon his coffin. The love blossomed out too late. The kindness came when the life could not receive its blessings.—*Selected.*

PACK SOMETHING INTO LIFE.

I WAS in Portland, Ore, when the Cape Nome gold craze was at its height. There were thousands of men trying to secure passage in the few boats that were available for transportation. Consequently exorbitant prices were paid for tickets and transportation of baggage. In order to pack the most into the least possible space, some of these men spent hours arranging and rearranging the articles they wished to put into their boxes or trunks.

As I watched them, this thought came to me, "My life is like these trunks; its capacity is limited. Everything cannot be packed into it. From henceforth I will try by the help of God to put into it only the choicest and the best things, and at the same time seek to store away as much as possible in the lives of others."

How foolish it would have been for these miners to fill their trunks with a lot of useless rubbish, and then to have been compelled to leave behind them the really valuable things! Yet how many of the young people of today are doing this very thing with their own lives! They are storing their minds with wood, hay and stubble that will not be worth preserving eternally, and which must eventually be destroyed.

Again, suppose that soon after these miners had put out to sea, they had taken their valuable trunks, and tossed them overboard simply for the amusement of seeing the water splash as they struck its surface! Yet thousands of youth are doing this very thing with their eternal possibilities, frittering or throwing away their lives for some passing amusement or for some selfish pleasure. Dear reader, what is your choice?

DAVID PAULSON, M.D.

CHILD-TRAINING: WHAT IS IT?

IT has been said that the essence of teaching is causing another to know. It may similarly be said that the essence of training is causing another to do. Teaching gives knowledge. Training gives skill. Teaching fills the mind. Training shapes the habits. Teaching brings to the child that which he did not have before. Training enables a child to make use of that which is already his possession. We teach a child the meaning of words. We train a child in speaking and walking. We teach him the truths we have learned for ourselves. We train him in habits of study, that he may be able to learn other truths for himself. Training and teaching must go on together in the wise upbringing of any and every child. The one will fail of its own best end if it be not accompanied by the other. He who knows how to teach a child is not competent for the oversight of a child's education unless he also knows how to train a child.

Training is a possibility long before teaching is. Before a child is old enough to know what is said to it, it is capable of feeling, and of conforming to or of resisting, the pressure of efforts for its training. A child can be trained to go to sleep in the arms of its mother or nurse, or in a cradle, or on a bed; with rocking, or without it: in a light room, or in a dark one; in a noisy room, or only in a quiet one; to expect nourishment and to accept it only at fixed hours, or at its own fancy,—while as yet it cannot understand any teaching concerning the importance or the fitness of one of these things. A very young child can be trained to cry for what it wants, or to keep quiet, as a means of securing it. And, as a matter of fact, the training of children is begun much earlier than their teaching. Many a child is well started in its life-training by the time it is six weeks old; even though its elementary teaching is not attempted until months after that.

Child-training properly begins at a child's birth, but it does not properly end there. The first effort

in the direction of child-training is to train a child to breathe and to swallow; but that ought not to be the last effort in the same direction. Child-training goes on as long as a child is a child; and child-training covers every phase of a child's action and bearing in life. Child-training affects a child's sleeping and waking, his laughing and crying, his eating and drinking, his looks and his movements, his self-control and his conduct toward others. Child-training does not change a child's nature, but it does change his modes of giving expression to his nature. Child-training does not give a child entirely new characteristics, but it brings him to the repression and subduing of certain characteristics, and to the expression and development of certain others, to such an extent that the sum of his characteristics presents an aspect so different from its original exhibit that it seems like another character. And so it is that child-training is, in a sense, like the very making of a child anew.

Child-training includes the directing and controlling and shaping of a child's feelings and thoughts and words and ways in every sphere of his life-course from his birth to the close of his childhood. And that this is no unimportant part of a child's upbringing, no intelligent mind will venture to question.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in "Hints on Child-Training."*

WILL TRAINING, RATHER THAN WILL BREAKING.

THE measure of will-power is the measure of personal power, with a child as with an adult. The possession or the lack of will-power is the possession or the lack of personal power, in every individual's sphere of life and being. The right or the wrong use of will-power is the right or the wrong exercise of an individual's truest personality. Hence the careful guarding and the wise guiding of a child's will should be counted among the foremost duties of one who is responsible for a child's training.

Will-training is an important element in child-training; but will-breaking has no part or place in the training of a child. A broken will is worth as much in its sphere as a broken bow; just that, and no more. A child with a broken will is not so well furnished for the struggle of life as a child with only one arm, or one leg, or one eye. Such a child has no power of strong personality, or of high achievement in the world. Every child ought to be trained to conform his will to the demands of duty; but that is bending his will, not breaking it. Breaking a child's will is never in order.—*Hints on Child-Training.*

DID YOU EVER THINK.

THAT a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation?

That though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it made you better and braver because of it?

That the little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness day by day, are really better than one immense act of goodness shown once a year?

That to be always polite to the people at home is not only more ladylike, but more refined, than having company manners?

That to judge anybody by his personal appearance stamps you as not only ignorant, but vulgar?

That to talk and talk about yourself and your belongings is very tiresome to those who listen?

That to be witty (?) at the expense of somebody else is positive cruelty many times?

That personalities are not always interesting, and very often offensive?

That the ability to keep a friend is very much greater than that required to gain one?

That if the girls all over the world were to form societies of one, each being her own president, and house committee, and entertaining committee, and secretary and treasurer, and make kind words the currency, considerate actions the social functions, and love the great aim, the whole world would be sweeter and purer for it? Just form one society where you are, and see what a great success it will be.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

"HAPPY is he who grows old with Christ as his portion, for he is ever renewing his youth. He lives, like Moses, upon the mount, in full view of the promised land."

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

SOMETHING about it struck Teddy very forcibly. I am not sure whether it was the text itself or the minister's reading it the second time in a very earnest manner. He was a new minister, and was preaching to the children this morning.

His text was: "And another book was opened, which is the book of life;" and as I say, he read it over twice.

The book of life, the book of each one of our lives; do you ever think of that book, children, and what you are writing in it? Every morning you start with a fresh page, and at night what do you find written there—temptations met and overcome, kind words spoken, little acts of helpfulness performed? Or is it a record of temptations yielded to, cross and fretful words, and no kind actions. Think of it, children, when you are tempted to do what is wrong, that it will be written in your book of life, and at that last great day it will be opened and read.

Teddy sat at the end of the seat that Sabbath, and was just wondering if he could possibly snap an apple-seed—he had some in his pocket—at Joe Peters without Sadie's seeing it, when, as I said, something, either in the text itself or the reading of it, caught his attention. It was such a thoroughly new idea, he writing a book—one that would be opened and read on that awful day. On the whole he did not like the idea, certainly not if *everything* was put in it, was his decision as he recalled some of the many things he had done "just for fun." Then he tried to think of something he had done during the past week that he should like to see in his book; but he failed to recall anything, unless it was that he carried poor Mrs. Kent a basket of apples. "Wouldn't 'a done it, though, only mamma made me," he was obliged to confess to himself just as he had decided that that was quite a meritorious deed.

"I say, mother," he asked, anxiously, when he reached home at noon, "the minister said God puts every thing we do down in a book; do you b'l'ieve he does? May be he don't see every thing, you know."

"O, yes! he does, Teddy—every single thing. We cannot hide even our thoughts from God. So we should be very, very careful, even of them," replied mamma, smoothing his rumpled curls lovingly.

"Well, then, I guess folks forget about it; don't they? Or else may be they don't know."

"I think we all forget sometimes, Teddy; but mamma wants her little son to remember that God sees him always wherever he goes, or whatever he does; will you?"

"I'll try," said Teddy, with an unusually grave look in his brown eyes.

Just then the dinner-bell rang. Teddy went down-stairs, and being very hungry forgot all about the sermon, his book, and all, until Monday afternoon in the spelling-class at school.

Now Teddy did not like spelling. In fact, he was not overfond of study of any description, but spelling was his particular aversion. He almost invariably failed, and this very afternoon Miss Westwood made a rule that all who failed must remain half an hour after school. Teddy heard it in dismay. It was splendid skating down the river, the first they had had this winter, and they were all going down directly from school. For once he was utterly oblivious of every thing around him; he never lifted his eyes from his book after Miss Westwood said that, until the class was called.

But it was all in vain; the very first word that came to him was "believe," and he could not remember whether it was "ei" or "ie." He hesitated, grew red in the face, and was just going to say "leive," when Miss Westwood was called to the door.

"Ahem," said some one softly.

Teddy looked around, and there was Will Adams, holding up his slate with "ie" in great big letters on it.

Teddy felt as though a mountain was lifted off his shoulders, for he was quite sure of the rest of the lesson. Then it was that he remembered yesterday's sermon, and his promise, and the words of the text; it all flashed through his mind in an instant. Suppose he were to spell the word as Will had written it for him, which was not the way he would have spelled it himself, how would it look in that book? But then to think of having to stay in when all the rest were having such sport, and his new skates just aching to be used. What should he do?

It seemed to him that it was all of half an hour before Miss Westwood closed the door and resumed the lesson, though it was but a few moments.

"Well Teddy, how is it?" she said.

Teddy felt positive that every one in the room must hear his heart beat, it thumped away so loudly.

"B-e, b-e-l-" What should he say?

"God sees us always; whatever we do is written down in our book of life. Remember that, children, when you are tempted to do wrong; think how it will look in your book."

"E-i-v-e," he said, hurriedly.

Will Adams looked up in blank astonishment.

"Couldn't you read it on my slate?" he asked after school.

"Yes," replied Teddy, colouring; "but you see I—didn't want to write a cheat in my book."—*Sunday-School Times.*

INASMUCH.

"Don't you want to read to me a little while, Jennie? my poor old head is so tired."

"O grandma! you're always wanting me to read or do something for you when I'm busy. I'd try to get along without quite so much waiting on, if I were you;" and Jennie Colman impatiently threw down the tidy she was embroidering, and with a heavy frown took up the paper her poor old grandmother had laid down.

"Never mind, dear; I can wait till Floy gets home," said grandma, sadly. I didn't notice you were doing anything in particular."

"Well, I was," Jennie snapped out. "There's that tidy must be done Thursday for the fair, and it is hardly begun yet. But there, who could do anything if they had to leave their work every ten minutes to wait on some one else? Well, there's no use talking. What do you want me to read? Come, hurry up."

"I don't want you to read at all, Jennie," said grandma, in a trembling voice. "I wouldn't have asked you if I had known you had anything to do. Go right on with your work."

"Oh, well, if you don't want me to, very well. I'm not at all anxious," and Jennie returned to her work.

Grandma sat awhile with closed eyes, thinking of the happy past, when there were always willing hands and happy hearts at her service, when suddenly a click of the gate-latch roused her from her musings, and a glad smile lighted up her tired old face.

"There's Floy!" she exclaimed brightly.

"Oh, yes, there's Floy, of course. You think Floy is almost an angel, I do believe, Grandma Colman."

"Well, who don't love Floy?" grandma responded. "No one could help it."

And, indeed, few could help loving the bright faced young girl of fourteen who came bounding into the room, seeming to bring with her a touch of the outside glow and brightness of the fine January day.

Well, grandma, how do you feel? Is your head any better? Is there anything I can do for you?" And the rosy lips met grandma's lovingly.

"No, dear, my head is no better, but you must sit down and get warm, and not be thinking what you can do for me the first thing."

"O yes," said Jennie impatiently, "Of course Floy must not hurt herself. It don't make any difference about me."

"Jennie Colman!" Floy burst forth indignantly. "I'd be ashamed to talk so to dear old grandmother. You know she thinks just as much of your comfort as she does of mine. But you think so much of yourself no one need worry about your getting along without any trouble."

"You look out for yourself, and I'll do the same," was Jennie's response.

Floy had hardly seated herself when she espied the paper grandma had been reading.

"Oh, sha'n't I read to you, grandma dear?" she asked, "I feel just like it."

"If you are not too tired," said the old lady, wistfully, "I should like you to read a little while. I was in the middle of that article," pointing to the one she had been reading.

"All right," said Floy, cheerfully, though the article in question was dull reading for a girl of her age. And for several hours she read patiently on, while Jennie sat sulkily bending over her embroidery.

And which, think, you, enjoyed the afternoon more—Floy who gave up her own wishes to minister to her grandmother's, or Jennie, in her utter disregard of all but her own selfish desires? Which are you like, reader? and which do you wish to be like? Remember the Master has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*Little Pilgrim*.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

AT first it was only a little cross, selfish thought in Johnny West's heart. If the heart had been full of love to God, the thought wouldn't have had any room there. Johnny had never asked God to give him a clean heart, and this naughty thought was only one of many that were always making trouble.

The thought grew very rapidly, and somehow slipped into Johnny's mouth, and when it reached his lips, it changed into a word—a loud, hateful, cross word to his baby sister.

Although it was only a word, it made the baby cry, and brought a shadow to his mother's face.

"O my son!" she said, "how can you speak so to your little sick sister?"

Johnny went to school, and was very unhappy. He wished that he might call back the word. But no! The swiftest horse could never overtake it. It was going on and on. And God knew that it belonged to Johnny West.

Johnny went home at noon. His mother was very pale.

"The baby is worse," she said.

Johnny bent over his mother's lap and kissed the baby. She was such a pretty baby, and had just learned to walk! When she saw Johnny, she was afraid of him, and turned with a little cry toward her mother.

Johnny went out and sat on the kitchen doorstep, and wondered why the sun didn't shine any brighter. It seemed as if that word was between him and the sunshine.

That night the baby died. When Johnny saw the sweet, still face, and tiny, cold hands, he cried as if his heart would break. But tears could not bring back the little sister.

"O mamma!" he sobbed, "if she will only come to life again, I will be so good to her. Oh, if I hadn't said that word!"

"God will forgive the word since you are sorry, my son," replied the mother.

"But it will always hurt!" moaned Johnny.

And, though he started that day to be a better boy, and lived many years doing good, his heart often ached, even when he became an old man, over the word that was once but a selfish thought.—*Selected*.

IF I WERE RICH.

RUTH and Jack stood at the window watching the people who passed. It had been a wet day, but the sun came out bright and clear in the afternoon, though the streets were wet and sloppy.

"See that poor little girl," exclaimed Ruth; "how wet her feet must be! Her boots are full of holes. If we were rich we might buy some boots for her."

"And for that boy just behind her; his boots are worse than hers," added Jack.

"And if we were rich we might buy a shawl for that old orange woman. See, she is trying to get those children to buy oranges from her basket."

The children's mother had been listening to what they said. She sat sewing near the window. "I am glad," she said, "to hear my children express such kind wishes, but wishing is not giving. Just to say, 'Be ye warmed, and be ye fed,' will not make these poor people any less cold, or any less hungry. You say that if you were rich you would help this one or that one. God does not ask you to give as if you were rich, but to give according to your means. Now let us see what you have to give, and then we can tell how your good wishes will help these poor people."

All the money these children had to spend they kept in their little bank in the nursery. They ran upstairs and placed in their mother's lap the contents of the bank.

"Now, Ruth," said her mother, "how much of this will you give to carry out your good wishes?"

Ruth thought a moment, and then replied; "Well, mother, I think I ought to give half."

"I know that poor woman who passed just now with her baby in her arms, what would you like to give her?"

Remembering how poorly the woman was clad, Ruth suggested a shawl.

"Now, Jack, what will you give the poor boy who had on such a miserable pair of boots?"

Jack thought he could spend some money to keep the boy's feet dry, and he consented to give sufficient to buy a pair of boots.

The next day mother went out shopping with the two children, and as the result they brought home a warm shawl, and a pair of stout boots. Mother had added a little to the amount they had to give, so that the boots were thick, and the shawl was warm, for mother knew both the poor woman and the poor boy, and was quite sure these articles were needed.

"You have given what you had to give," said mother, "and that is much better than wishing you were so rich so that you might give more.—*Present Truth*."

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Dr. Torry, principal of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, has spent several days during the past month in active evangelistic effort in this city. He came to India by way of Australia, where a protracted revival effort was made. The straight forward testimony of Mr. Torry in denouncing sin and calling men to repentance has been stirring the hearts of some, and we hope the work begun will not be allowed to stop. While we are not in favour of sensational revivals, we do believe in showing people their sins and pointing them to Christ as the one willing and ready to cleanse.

Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, president of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, delivered the inaugural lecture of the series known as the Barrows lectures, in the New Y. M. C. A. Hall. His general theme has been "Christian belief interpreted by Christian experience." He said that during the three years since he had accepted the present Lectureship, God had been preparing his mind historically for the important work he had undertaken.

The lectures delivered the past month in the New Y. M. C. A. Hall by Mr. Bowman on Alcoholic drinks and their effects on the system were of the first order. Scientific evidence of the injurious results of using liquor of any sort which contains alcohol was freely given. Just the sort of information people need, especially those who call themselves "Moderate drinkers."

DR. TORRY AND TOBACCO.

AMONG other questions put to Dr. Torry in his Australian campaign, we notice the following on tobacco.

"You are reported in the *Daily Telegraph* as having denounced the practice of smoking among Christians, and especially ministers. Charles H. Spurgeon declared publicly that he could smoke to the glory of God. In his case the practice of smoking was certainly not allied to the 'Higher Criticism,' nor did it impair his unrivalled powers as a preacher of the Gospel. If ever God spoke thru human lips, it was thru his—which, you would say, were defiled with tobacco smoke."

"Spurgeon did, and took it back most humbly, and preached against smoking. (Hear, hear). I hope the gentleman who wrote this question will do the same. It strikes me a lot of you young fellows know nothing else about Charles H. Spurgeon except the fact that he smoked. This is the only thing you follow him in."

"Is not this matter of smoking wholly a matter for the individual conscience?"

"That is where I am trying to put it—on your conscience."

"And do not the words of Paul govern this question, as well that of meat offered to idols: 'Let not him that eateth not judge him that eateth'? And, 'why is my liberty judged of another man's conscience?' (Rom. 14: 3; 1 Cor. 10: 29)."

"I think these other words of Paul's cover the question: 'Having therefore

these promises, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God' (2 Cor. 7: 1). If smoking is not filthiness of the flesh, there is something wrong with my nostrils. I can smell some of you fellows twenty feet off; and you would go and preach about clean lives!"

MODERATE DRINKERS.

THOSE who call themselves only moderate drinkers and scout the idea that alcohol is undermining their constitutions, may well stop and consider the following scientific evidence given by Mr. Bowman in a recent address in this city.

"Every single ounce of Alcohol, and an ounce is about as much as is contained in one pint of beer, lays a burden on the heart which it was never intended to bear, and indeed cannot bear with impunity. I do not mean that an ounce, if you take no more, will do permanent injury, but this is what science tells you.

The healthy heart without alcohol beats 100,000 times a day and lifts 120 tons one foot.

The heart with one ounce of alcohol beats 104,000 times a day and lifts 125 tons.

The heart with two ounces of alcohol beats 108,000 times and lifts 130 tons.

So you see that with two ounces a day which, to many a man never intoxicated in his life, seems the strictest moderation, the heart must beat 8,000 times more than normal and lift 10 tons more during the day. Now the effect of this is to injure the healthy circulation of the blood through the body, and this injury is felt every step of the way. If you attend a large dinner party after the first few courses when the wine has begun to circulate freely, a progressive change takes place in those who drink it. The face begins to get flushed, the eye brightens, and the murmur of conversation becoming loud. What does this mean? It is produced by the alcohol. The heart is beating faster and driving the blood more quickly, than it ought, through the channels. At the same time it paralyzes the nerves of the blood vessels, so there is a reduction of nervous control. This means a reduced power to resist the steady flow of the blood, so it circulates the quicker and by paralyzing the minute blood vessels allows them to become dilated, or swollen with the flowing blood.

Let me give you one medical testimony on this point to show how alcohol shortens life. Dr. John Chene, late Physician-General of the Army in Ireland, says:—"The observation of twenty years in this city (Dublin) has convinced me that were ten men on their twenty-first birthday to begin to drink one glass equal to two ounces of ardent spirits, or a pint of port wine, were they to continue to drink this supposed moderate quantity of strong liquor daily, the lives of eight out of the ten would be abridged by twelve to fifteen years, and yet they represent themselves as temperate, very temperate."

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WITH this number closes the fifth volume of the *Oriental Watchman*. We are glad to tell our subscribers that the circulation of our paper has been double that of any previous year; and we hope the coming year it will reach a still larger number of readers. The price of the paper, Re. 1-8 per year, has at no time paid the cost: and from year to year, as the circulation increases, a greater expense is involved. Knowing this, we feel certain that the many friends of the journal will gladly share a portion of this expense, and join us in raising the annual subscription price to Rs. 2/.

The change of price will not take place until the first of January. All those who renew their subscription before that time, as well as new subscribers, can have the advantage of the old rate.

Immortal Soul.—Modern theology seems fond of the expression immortal soul, though it is found nowhere in the Old Testament and only once in the New; where it is applied to God:—The following is the passage 1 Tim. 1: 17: "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen." The word soul and the Hebrew and Greek words from which it is taken, though occurring 874 times are never limited by the words immortal, unending, never dying or any expression of similar meaning. On the other hand it does say: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Eze. 18: 4, 20.

A Horrible Doctrine.—It may seem horrible to think of our dead friends as still in their graves, especially those who have lived godly lives, but is it not more horrible still to think of those we love now burning in the fire of hell and condemned to suffer through all eternity the vengeance of eternal fire? Is it not easier to harmonize the sleep of the righteous than the eternal misery of the wicked with the love of God. There is nothing horrible in sleep; but there is something decidedly horrible in the perpetual torment of the wicked. The agnostic may well cavil at theology which attempts to harmonize eternal love with millenniums of misery.

The love of God is hatred of sin; the measure of God's love for the sinner is the measure of God's hatred for sin. His great desire is to separate the sinner from his sin and save him by the grace of Christ. If he refuses to leave his sin, then in love God destroys him; for his love insists that sin, the only cause of trouble in the universe shall be destroyed. To vindicate the love of God, sin and sinner must be annihilated. Allowing them to live forever even in torment would not meet the end of love which is the destruction of evil; nor would the love of God be fully vindicated before the universe while that which has caused untold misery is still existing.

The Secret of Soul Saving—To learn the secret of soul saving, the church must go to the people. It can be learned only by experience. Those who are waiting until they know how to win souls will learn only as they begin to work for those needing help. The experiences of others may be encouraging and helpful, but it will not make any one a soul saver. The actual experience of talking with a soul outside of Christ and praying for him does more for the would be soul saver than volumes of other peoples doings and sayings. The physician learns to help his patient by knowing his needs; and the seeker for souls finds out the needs of the sin-sick soul in the same way. The trite saying "We learn by doing," is applicable in this part of the master's service and those willing to do will learn.

Does your subscription expire with the December number? If so, send Rs. 1-8 to the office of the *Oriental Watchman*, 39/1 Free School St., before Jan. 1, and have it renewed for the year 1903. With the beginning of the new year, the annual subscription will be Rs. 2/-.

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"The February number of your paper reached me, for which I thank you. I should like to have the January number as well, for I feel that I and my family are deriving much benefit from reading your magazine, and should be very sorry to miss the number for the first month of the year.

With my earnest prayers for the welfare of your noble work."

"What is the price of the bound volume of the *Oriental Watchman*? Have you volumes 1, 2, 3, in stock? A person who seems to be getting interested after reading Vol. 4, which was made a present to him by a friend has made this inquiry.

"I write to tell you that I sent Rs. 1/8 for one year's subscription to The *Oriental Watchman*. It is a very nice paper."

THE TRYING TENTH.

Have you, after putting your "mite" into the collection bag thought you were doing your full duty in returning to the Lord his own? The word of God teaches that one-tenth of our income is to be especially dedicated to the advancement of His work. This is the only method of gospel support taught in the Bible. Abraham, our Father in the faith, paid tithes and Christ sanctioned it. So then having the example of the father of the faithful and the explicit command of our Saviour, should we not as christians pay tithes? Malachi tells us in the third chapter, of the great blessing, both spiritual and material, enjoyed by those who have a faith and spiritual courage to dedicate a tithe of their income to His work. Do you not feel you ought to pay the Lord His own? We should be glad to correspond with those who feel impressed, and want to know more about this question.

—000—

THE REIGN OF MORGAN.

In the *Springfield Republican* of August 29, was an article with the above heading, from which article, the following paragraph is taken:—

"This is distinctively the reign of J. P. Morgan. He is the first personage and first power in the United States to-day, and is so recognized abroad quite as much as at home; and the people down East who are crowding about to see, and hear, and applaud the President of the United States are following a secondary attraction. Let Morgan start out on a talking journey, and see if this would not be so. But Morgan is quiet and this gives the President his chance. Nevertheless, there seems to be no popular question as to where the real chief-executive power of the nation is to be found. The place is Wall Street, Corner Broad."

It is not the man the people worship so much as the gold he represents. This age has a greed for gold, and the man most adroit in control of it is king. Senator Depew is reported as saying, "The people in Europe think Mr. Morgan a supernatural being. Well perhaps I ought to change that word supernatural, but they do look upon him as a marvellous person. Everywhere I went in England, the people were talking about Mr. Morgan and his plans, wondering what they were and what he was going to do next. I think they are afraid of him in a way, and imagine that he is going to do something awful."

In the great coal strike in America Mr. Morgan has been recognized as the most powerful man in the republic, and it was generally conceded that he could end the strike by a nod of the head. The reign of Mr. Morgan is being felt on sea as well as land. The Atlantic Ocean has at last come under a great steamship trust of which he is leader. The capital of this concern is placed at \$ 120,000,000. Other shipping companies will be compelled to come under its direction or go out of the shipping business. Passenger rates are already being increased, and other companies to protect themselves are following its suggestion.